

Plaintiffs' Exhibit

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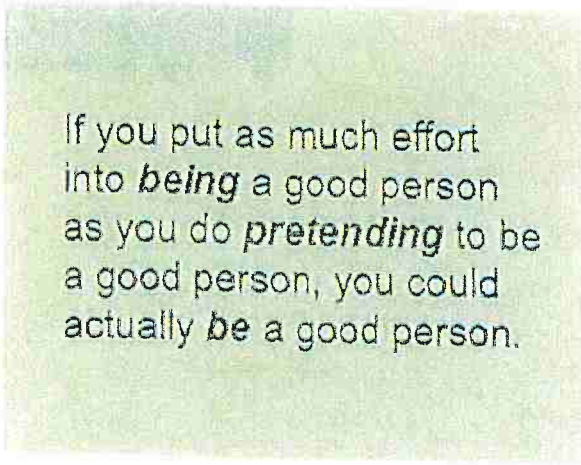
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The Manipulator Extraordinaire and Me

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The Manipulator Extraordinaire and Me

April 03, 2021



If you put as much effort
into *being* a good person
as you do *pretending* to be
a good person, you could
actually *be* a good person.

In August of 2019, I met the fourth person in the span of a few short, summer months that would be the final nail in the coffin of my socialization attempts. The other three will have their own blogs. This one is just for you, Female Machiavelli - also known as Brianna. Henceforth in this blog, she will be referred to by her preferred nickname, Bri.

The Pittsburgh Renaissance Festival

I met Bri by chance at the Pittsburgh Renaissance Festival in late August of 2019. She is a part of the royal court of the festival, and is also the entire Human Resources department of the Pittsburgh Renaissance Festival. This particular year, she was playing the villain - the Lady Eleanor.

She noticed I was alone at the faire and decided to approach me, out of character and ask if I was okay and if I was having a good time. I explained I always go places alone. It's something I enjoy. She identified with this, and we shared a few laughs regarding our own

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introverted tendencies. As she was working, we didn't talk often, but I immediately liked that she was kind to me.

After meeting up with a friend of mine whom I had a slight crush on at the time, Quinn (he will have his own blog), I found out he knew her quite well. He encouraged the friendship and spoke highly of her. He then mentioned that, had he not quit the cast that year, he would have played her husband. As a joke, she had decided to wear an old photo of him on her outfit. She chose the story that her husband was dead, and it was implied she might have killed him. When seeing Quinn on the grounds, she would joke that she thought she was seeing the ghost of her husband. Given what little information I had at the time, and what I was being told specifically, I thought this was a cute thing to do. I would later change my mind.

I sent Bri a friend request on Facebook after that weekend and she accepted. I thanked her for being kind, and I informed her of my association with Quinn. He and I had been on a brief date at that point, and had plans to go out again. She seemed to bristle slightly at this information, but then quickly switched to excited and supportive. We didn't speak again until the following week.

She posted a friend-anniversary post on Facebook with someone I knew - the business partner of a new friend of mine, Randal (also with his own blog, coming up). His name was Michael. In this anniversary post, she was very self-deprecating. She mentioned how he was far more beautiful than she. Realistically, she was correct. Michael is a model and actor, who spends all of his time on his appearance because of his occupation. Bri, in contrast, is a morbidly obese, plain-looking woman with extreme hair loss. Regardless of reality, no one likes when others put themselves down. Certainly not Michael, who commented to the effect that beauty was in the eye of the beholder. I also took umbrage to this, and I messaged her because I thought Michael's response was adorable, and I wanted to tell her not to compare herself to a model. It isn't fair to anyone to do that to themselves.



This was the turning point. This was when she discovered I was friends with Michael. It was from this moment she began messaging me daily. In fact, her messaging was regular throughout the day, every day, for over a year. I should have seen why then. I did not.

I was planning another trip to the fair a few weeks

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later, at the end of September I had plans to go to dinner with Quinn, and I was going to spend the weekend at faire. She offered me her comp tickets, which I gratefully accepted. This was the weekend I brought my famous cookies, which she notified the gate I would be bringing so they didn't stop me

(I have a tendency to bring my home-made cookies to faires for the staff and performers I am unhappy with the mere tip-based economy and honestly believe that we owe the performers so much more. I pay for dinners for them when I can. I cook when I have access to a kitchen. I truly believe in feeding our minstrels. They give so much to us, it's only fair to go above and beyond for them in return. So, I tip regularly, I buy their merchandise, and I bring everyone cookies/food.)

I started to see, this weekend, the extent of her crush on Michael. She spoke often of both Quinn and Michael. She informed me that she had known Quinn for 15 years at that point, and had been in love with him for no less than five of those years. She said she had, in her words, finally come to accept Quinn would never be attracted to her and would only see her as a sister, and she was now okay with that (I found out later, she was not)

This was the weekend I started to see a little backlash from Michael himself. As I said, I already knew Michael. We had spent some time together before I met Bri, and he was the business partner of my friend, Randal. He was someone I was very familiar with, and he was familiar with me.



Let me back up

Bri was crushing on him so much, that I sent him a private message on Facebook. I said to him that if he wasn't currently dating someone, that Bri was interested and I think it would be great if he was kind to her. He never responded to my message, but he DID begin speaking to Bri regularly. Bri mentioned he was conversing with her at faire now "out of the blue" and she was thrilled. I had to admit to her that I had sent that message. I wish now that I hadn't. I'll explain why.

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Let's get back to the first question. "Michael" was a good friend of mine. I was a good friend of his. I had previously. I was aware he was usually off and on with his girlfriend at the time. Other than that, I didn't know much more. Michael is very, very secretive about his personal life, and while at face, he is in charge (usually). He plays a very smooth talking swashbuckler. Sir Michael. A man who licks on kisses with every woman and smooth talks her into submission. It's his job. He also means none of it. He can flirt hot and heavy with you and never speak to you again. It's on record, I've seen him do it. I was in a rare category where I never got "Sir Michael" for myself (thank goodness). He never pretended to be anything but who he really was - a quiet and awkward guy. He never even attempted Sir Michael flirting with me. I still wonder why that was to this day. But I'll probably never know.

So, I went to his show with Randal. After, when I was speaking to Randal (and a few fans were milling around), Michael approached me and noticed a very large man behind me. The stranger was at least 6'2 and easily 350 pounds if not more.

Michael looked at me and said "Hey, why don't you go date that guy? He seems like I'm sure you'll be happy together."

I wish I would have seen it then for what it was. I see it now. He was mad I was trying to set him up with Ben. I understood he had an obsession with healthy lifestyles, but I didn't know if he was like that with his dates as well as himself (I was fully aware Randal would never date anyone overweight at that point, for the same reasons). I just found out in that moment.

Michael has never been one for directness, and neither has Randal for that matter. They both seem to favor a manner of speaking that implies something without actually saying it flat out. Then they both get upset if you don't get the hint. Their communication style can be frustrating.

At this point, I began questioning my support of Ben. He ended up to win over Michael. I began to see I was losing it little, and I didn't want my new friend to get hurt. But I also was not certain of anything. I just suspected. Things only escalated from here.

While I am not a therapist,

He went back to his show and started talking to the crowd. He was a good friend of mine. I was a good friend of his. I had previously. I was aware he was usually off and on with his girlfriend at the time. Other than that, I didn't know much more. Michael is very, very secretive about his personal life, and while at face, he is in charge (usually). He plays a very smooth talking swashbuckler. Sir Michael. A man who licks on kisses with every woman and smooth talks her into submission. It's his job. He also means none of it. He can flirt hot and heavy with you and never speak to you again. It's on record, I've seen him do it. I was in a rare category where I never got "Sir Michael" for myself (thank goodness). He never pretended to be anything but who he really was - a quiet and awkward guy. He never even attempted Sir Michael flirting with me. I still wonder why that was to this day. But I'll probably never know.

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pointed for going over. He decided she needed to go so she got to him just the burger "to taste of fore". She also began talking about how she could finally get to know him and perhaps get a selfie with him, something she always wanted.

But bought a new dress for the occasion and made her work week incredibly difficult on her own. I was self-employed. I made my own schedule at work, so I could take off that day to drive out to Pittsburgh (5 hours for me), stay overnight, and head home with zero disruption. Bri had an office job 3 hours away in Lancaster. She could not take time off. So she had to leave directly from work, drive the 3 hours, and then drive straight home at midnight. She got home that night at approximately 3:30 a.m., only having a few hours to sleep before having to be back at work at 8 a.m.

I found out when I got there, second hand, that Randol had intended me to be the photographer for the event. I had been taking photos for him before this, but I was not told ahead of time I would be expected to walk around and take photos for him to share on his Facebook page. I didn't mind at the time. Now it's just another red flag adding up.

Bri was very anxious the entire night. We sat with Randol's assistant, Ashley, whom Bri had already known for several years at that point. Bri spent the first hour fretting about her appearance and what she should order. She didn't want Michael to see her as "a fat pig eating slop". She asked me what she should order to "make a good impression". I told her to stop worrying about what Michael might think and get what she wants. She said if she did that, he'd consider her nothing less than "a fat pig and not a human". I had no idea how to respond to her, so I looked at the menu with her and pointed out a few options of what would be healthy. She rejected them all, and went with the chicken caesar salad. When I explained that actually had far more fat than the burger and fries, she laughed and scoffed and said "It's a salad!" I knew at that point she was genuinely in need of nutritional counseling. This came to light more obviously later on.

During dinner, they both ignored our table for the most part and interacted with all the fans. They sat with them and mingled and took photos. Bri slowly began to eat. She started complaining Michael wasn't talking to her and she didn't know why she bothered coming. I told her it was best to mingle with all the fans, and she needed to take a breather and relax. She agreed. But then kicked her hand under the table when she saw a red hair girl who worked for Bri and Michael. The girl's a fat. That was highly offensive. Bri's reaction was defensive. Bri's defense: "I don't like her either. It's due to the fact that she's a fat girl who's sitting next to me with food and independent." She puts her hand back on the table.

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bioactive compounds, such as flavonoids, polyphenols, and terpenoids, which are known for their antioxidant and anti-inflammatory properties. These compounds can help reduce oxidative stress and inflammation, which are key factors in the development of chronic diseases. Additionally, the fiber in these fruits promotes gut health and may have a protective effect against certain types of cancer.

In Candace's defense, she has never been told by these men her behavior was inappropriate. They say she behind her back and to others "it's not fair" and "it's horrible" and "it made them feel" - but they never tell her.

This was enough to get Bas on eye levels to use again. She starts saying "underhanded" things such as "truth" and "where?" She picks up her steak knife from the table and says she wants to go over there to her with it. I ask her to breathe and calm down.

Things only escalated from here. Michael finally got his food: a kale salad with vegetables. He was doing several nude photo shoots that week, and so he was being extremely strict with his intake. He looked pale and sickly, honestly. But, the industry standard, as he always argued, demands it.

He made the mistake of grabbing his food and taking a place next to me to eat. He began talking to me about the short horror film he had just wrapped that spring that he knew I was interested in. It was very, very quiet. She attempted to talk to him a few times (she was sitting on the other side of me) but it never lasted beyond a sentence or two. He also interacted quite a bit with a woman on his other side discussing art. Ben was stewing.

When Michael left, she said she needed to take a walk. I followed her. She headed for the bathroom. Randal saw us rushing off there and made a snarky comment asking if we were going to go make out in the bathroom. But in her angry state, turned her head to him and said, "I would wish you would join us" prompting a huge smile from Randal, along with a sparkle in his eyes when people challenge him. She was well aware of his reaction.

[illegible]

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I left Michael alone most of the night, as he was seeming to be hiding from people as best as he could. Randal, on the other hand, always had a crowd around him. I began taking whatever photos I could. I knew, and Michael knew, I needed photos of him also. So, when I did find him, he was always super gracious and posed for me and smiled. I made sure to give him space between photos and not push. Bri, however, really tried starting conversations.



Michael seemed to get himself into trouble here. According to Bri, during the conversation, he began discussing his "space penis" and inferred oral sex on her for her birthday (I did not witness this conversation, so I cannot confirm anything she said). She mentioned Michael seemed very nervous and uncomfortable and was stammering quite a bit. I've seen Michael behave this way, also, so I didn't think anything of it. He even called my peanut butter cookies, "penis" butter cookies at one point lol. I chocked it up to him just being awkward. Bri took it as him flirting and being interested. Which led to.

Michael finally emerged to take some selfies with fans. I thought this was a great opportunity for Bri to get the picture she wanted. She began to stomp her feet and pace.

"I don't want a fan photo. I'm not like these stupid, obsessed bitches. I want a photo of us. As friends. As more. I am not a fan!"

This is when I really started to get concerned for her sanity. She was pacing and huffing with her breath. She looked at the person getting a selfie and proclaimed,

"Look at that cute little thin bitch getting her stupid fan selfie. Fucking whore. What a bitch. I'm about to cut a bitch if she doesn't step away from him."

I'd had enough at this point as she was getting loud and people began to notice. I escorted her out to the bar area to calm her down. A random woman noticed her tantrum, and came up to us. This random woman looked right at Bri and said, "Forget him. Men ain't shit" and walked away knowing absolutely no context whatsoever. So, you can imagine how Bri was

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physically reacting to get a stranger to do that

I honestly didn't know what to say at this point. I felt like running for my life. But, I was really and truly hoping this was a strange anomaly and I could logically talk her down. This was the first real sign I had of how truly unstable this woman really was, and I should not have tried further. I should have immediately walked away in that moment and never spoken to her again. But, I was stupidly trying to be a good friend and hoped this was a one-and-done. I was dead wrong.

I was able to calm her briefly, but only so. Ashley, the assistant to Randal, increased the tension again later. Bri was unaware of how obvious she was being in regards to her obsession with Michael, but everyone was beginning to notice, even though they didn't hear her words the way I did. Her body language that night was enough.



Ashley approached us and asked where I was staying that night, as it lasted until midnight. I said I had gotten a hotel nearby and would be staying there, and leaving in the morning. When Ashley asked Bri, Bri said her intention was to drive home at midnight, as she had to be at work by 8. This is when Ashley did the thing she should have never done. She made a bad joke. And Bri thought she was serious.

Ashley said, "You know, you and Michael could just take Courtney's hotel room. Courtney can come back to our place with me and stay with me. She wouldn't want to stay in the room with Randal because she'd be in trouble."

I laughed and rolled my eyes, knowing she was kidding. Bri took this as the indicator she had a shot with Michael. She immediately said her friend Ann was on standby to give her hotel points in order to get a room for her and Michael should the need arise. This made Ashley stop and her head spin backward. Bri followed up by asking if she thought it was possible. I don't remember what Ashley said in reply, to be very honest. I know whatever it was satisfied Bri and she walked away. Ashley then said to me, "Oh, that's never gonna happen." I replied, "I think you just made her think it would."

That's exactly what happened. Bri just got more emotional that night and more anxious.

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Q: I will leave that for another blog. Just allow letting her to leave calmly was not easy. Showers knew enough of Michael was secretly in love with her and was scared to tell her it gave no idea where she manipulated them. Knowing how what Ashley said, and observing Michael, I had doubts. But I was hopeful for her regardless. I just did what I could trying to calm her off the love bug. So in short:

The Final Pittsburgh Page Week

I messaged Michael that week and thanked him for being so kind to her. My intent was to say, hey, you can stop, thanks for it's a bit out of control. Apparently, he read this differently because then Michael made another huge mistake a few hours after reading my message.

He bought her a flower. And he didn't just buy her a flower. He bought her a flower, made a big to-do about traveling through the crowd of cast members to give it to her in front of everyone, and said he was trying to impress her. If he was n't interested in her in that way, this was the world's worst decision for him.

Now she knew he loved her. He was in love and nothing was going to change her mind on that she said repeatedly. This was clearly the catalyst for Ashley to step in and try to stop the runaway train she helped start.

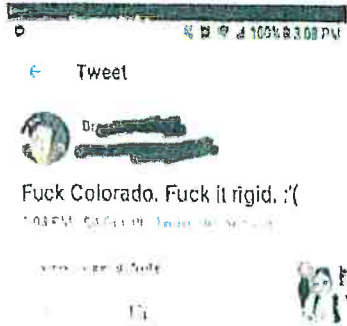
Ashley pulled her aside and let her know Michael was with his long-time girlfriend. So, and they were planning on moving in together in Colorado that very November. That he puts on an act of flirtation with nice girls but doesn't mean it'd already told her this, but she ignored me and said I was lying to her. And that she should stop her infatuation.

Ashley now became the target for her rage. While I agree Ashley actually made things worse for her with and never should have encouraged her behavior, she did try to smooth things and stop it. Unfortunately, it was too little, too late. Now, Ben was convinced Michael was actually very unhappy with his girlfriend, was in love with her, and wanted her to rescue him from it. This woman has seen one too many rom coms.

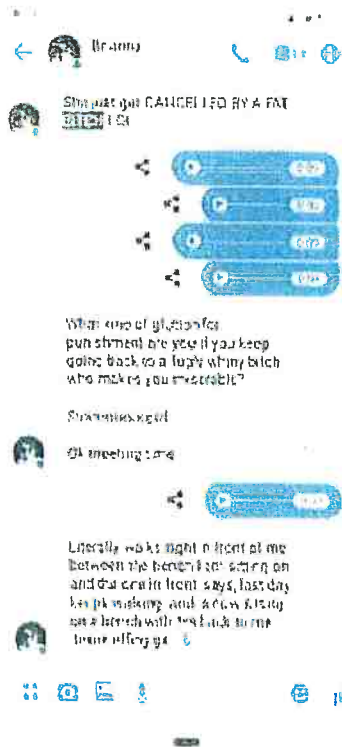
She blamed Ashley. She blamed Sid. She blamed Colorado. She even went as far as to say that she knew that a man like Michael and she being into a girl and Michael following her around, signs of infatuation, so she'd eventually vent on Twitter where he wouldn't see it. Then, and the next morning she posted a tweet about her infatuation.

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Her next decision was to write him an old-fashioned letter on the most beautiful stationery she could find, professing her feelings. She wanted to buy him a gift and profess her love. Over the course of the week, with lots of prodding from me, we worked this plan of hers down to a small token instead of something expensive for the gift, and merely making an offer of her love without expectation on his part.



She told him she knew he wasn't free, but she'd have him if he ever was. She complimented his personality and passions, and she gave him a small Star Wars keychain. She had her friend Bethany deliver the message and waited several days for his reply. When he finally did, you'd think this would have been enough for her to understand she was being rejected. The only mention of the letter she wrote to him was, "that's lovely stationery"

The acknowledgment in itself was enough for her to continue her hope. She would talk to me about him every day. I was casually dating Quinn at the time, so she regularly wanted to discuss both men.

The Fall of 2019

Despite her protestations, I could tell she was upset over me dating Quinn. Mostly because he had never dated her. All of her commentary regarding it said she found it completely unfair that he would date me and not her. She mentioned once in October that I was not more attractive than she was, just thinner. Every time I said anything we did, she would reply with, "He never did that with me". Every Time

Me: - "He invited me in and gave me a tour of the house." (First date)

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Her: "He never does that. I don't think I saw his place for months."

Me: "He told me (insert past history)..."

Her: "He never told me that!" / "It took him years to tell me that!"

Me: "He kissed me!"

Her: "Well, you got further than I ever did."

These were her instant reactions to each scenario. She would follow up with how she knew she was supposed to react. But, it was too late.

Telling Quinn these things injured him tremendously and he began opening up to me about parts of their friendship that always upset him. He said I shouldn't trust her, as she doesn't understand anything but fighting for what she wants, and she doesn't care about collateral damage.

He described her idea of love as "Like a math equation - she thinks if she adds certain words, actions, and behaviors to an equation, that means that person will love her. She doesn't understand love isn't transactional."

He admitted he was fully aware that she was in love with him for a very long time, but that he had just never shown her. He said he was never to his dating one showed him that wasn't true. This was when he told a few things regarding the character she played that year all for one and why it was done. This is detailed reasonably by Br. So, I will wait to see if I write Quinn's blog.

It is funny that relationship crushed and turned the Hiroshima and Nagasaki bombings. It is like the two big bombs that are representing looking at the world.

She never let me know that she was in love with him for a very long time. It is like the two big bombs that are representing looking at the world.

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was because she messaged him on Facebook Messenger first. He had only reached out to her on his own all of once, and it was regarding work. Every conversation they ever had was begun by her. Had she stopped messaging him, she'd never hear from him again. She fully admitted this, including saying that was exactly how it was the year before. She realized then that he wasn't interested in that way, and finally gave up. She says now is different, since he gave her that flower.

She had even built a "shrine" in her apartment of him. Now, I fully admit that the word "shrine" is my own, and also an exaggeration as it doesn't actually include an altar, or is in one specific room. Instead, she had downloaded several photos from his Facebook she just so happened to like. She'd then frame them or hang them on her walls. She even had a framed photo of him on her desk. She admitted when she had friends over (Bethany and Sabrina, specifically), she hid the photos before they arrived. So, even though she was comfortable sharing them all with me, she must have realized it was creepy on some level.

(I added these so you could see she took these herself, and sent them to me. These are the screenshots I took, simply because I was immediately creeped out at this behavior. My alarm bells were blaring.)



This is a framed photo on her work desk. This was the first photo she framed, following the flower gift. The flower I've mentioned is also in the photo.

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Taking a picture to show me how she is printing out photos to put up in her house



Her laptop screen, cutting off his business partner, Randal (cropped photo)



The wall in her den

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Her refrigerator

(The photo beneath is a close up, showing doctored quotes he had said to her previously)



Her nightstand, next to her bed

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Is this a shrine?

In October of that year, she decided to move to Pittsburgh so she wouldn't have to stay with the Entertainment Director she didn't like and drive so much during faire season (especially with the cost of those tolls on the Pennsylvania Turnpike!) This was very reasonable

What wasn't reasonable was her location, housing objective, and motive. She had found out Michael stayed near a certain area in Northern Pittsburgh when faire time came around (She excused her location choice by also noting her friends, the Menendezes, lived nearby as well)

What else wasn't reasonable was a single woman with two cats demanding a large, 3 bedroom apartment/house. She told other people it was for "guests". In reality, she needed only two total bedrooms for when her mother came to stay. So, why was she insistent on 3? If you guessed so she could convince Michael and Randal to stay with her instead, you'd be correct! She even took a place \$100 above her price range in order to do so, regardless of the fact that she took a significant pay cut when changing jobs.

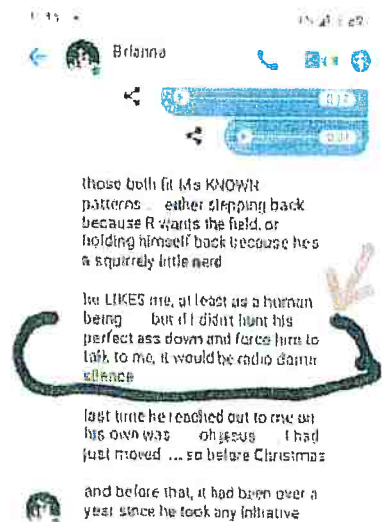
Because of all this, I'd asked her a few times to consider other options besides him being madly in love with her for his behavior. As she admits, he'd never speak to her if she didn't "chase him down" to do so.

She was highly upset that Randal was always reaching out to me to chat. I didn't ever go to him, and frankly, I wasn't thrilled with him talking to me as often as he was at the time. But, his behavior incited her jealousy, as that's the behavior she wanted from Michael and did not have and it was also something she knew was standing in her way of her illusion Michael was in love with her. Because if he was, why would he always ignore her?

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At this point, if I dared suggest he was not in love with her, but perhaps could merely appreciate her as a friend, she immediately screamed at me



The backlash always consisted of, "Yes! I know! Bri is just stupid and gullible and fat! I'm just too stupid to realize he doesn't love me! Because I'm completely naive and incapable of being around men! Can't you ever be supportive and agree with me? Why do you have to tell me these awful things??" (Awful things being "perhaps you should also consider other possibilities")

Obviously, this always made me feel terrible. I felt like maybe I should be more supportive. Maybe I should just let her believe whatever she wanted, regardless of my deep gut feeling that she was only going to end up wasting more of her life, and being hurt even more. This guilty

feeling led to the biggest mistake of my life

Brevard Renaissance Fair - January 2020

By the end of November in the fall, my conversations with Randal had only increased. He'd become fascinated (and annoyed) by my relationship with Quinn and had swerved into a far more personal friendship than had existed previously. He mentioned they would be performing in Florida at the Brevard Renaissance Fair and asked if I would be going. I said I highly doubted it, as it was almost Christmas and I was focusing on spending my money there. I said I'd likely see him again in West Virginia the following summer.

When I mentioned this to Bri, she immediately said she would pay for the both of us to go and I needed to go. She wouldn't take no for an answer. I said I was not capable of paying for it, and although I wanted to go, I wasn't comfortable with her covering the costs. I doubled down on this when she came at me with this gem:

"You're invited. R specifically invited you. So, if you go, I can tag along and see Michael again without being seen as

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the psycho stalker

I was conflicted. I felt uncomfortable since I knew she was going to like me to get to Michael, and she was being quite honest about it. I also knew her chances of succeeding would be minimal, thus leading to her being angry the entire weekend. However, I also had been repeatedly hit with the "you're a bad friend" stick in regards to this very thing, so I acquiesced on the condition that I would pay her every single cent back when my tax return arrived in February. And I did exactly that.

Three weeks before our trip, Randall messaged me to inform me he expected us to go to dinner with him and Michael while we were there. It wasn't a request, but an expectation. I was a bit floored since I hadn't been out with him privately before, but did understand our friendship had seemed to grow more personal. So, I agreed to it. This was where the problems began.

Br was immediately angry he had not directly asked her to dinner. She said

"Oh, I get it. I'm just the tag-along no one wants there. I'm only invited by proxy. He wants you there, not me."

I assured her that he had said both of us, and in no way made it sound as though I was the only one wanted. I mentioned that we spoke regularly and they did not, so it was logical he'd come to me about it. She refused to back down and spent the next three weeks cycling between

"I need to buy a new outfit because I'm finally going to see Michael off the faire grounds! Maybe I'll get laid!" and "I'm not even wanted there anyway. I'm just the psycho stalker who is begrudgingly invited because I have to be. He doesn't want to hurt the feelings of the only person who stands up for him at Pittsburgh. But, he doesn't want me there."

Eventually, she told me that back during the Pittsburgh faire, she had asked Michael to bring out perhaps for coffee and food delivery. She said the only reason she was getting that from him was because of her friendship with Randall. At that time, she was being quite honest, but I was not. I had been lying to her about my feelings for her since the beginning.

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The Weekend of Fate

Randal had been very ill the few weeks leading up to the faire. He had been suffering from a severe bout of the Flu and bronchitis (now I wonder if it might have actually been Covid). He was going to be unable to go out to dinner until Sunday or being out most of the weekend. I was asked to perform a photo shoot for the Duelists while I was there that weekend so he'll go into more detail with Randal's blog, and we figured we'd go to dinner Sunday.

Saturday, Bri wanted to spend as much time with Michael as humanly possible, and was not happy I had an entire schedule keeping us away from them the majority of the time. She would occasionally sigh and say,

"I know it's for the best, so he doesn't see me as that crazy ass stalker and all, but I hate it"

(For the record, right now I never once, not once, had I ever referred to her or even insinuated she was crazy or a stalker. This all came entirely from her and her alone.)

I had injured my ankle six weeks before while at her home doing a photo shoot for her as a favor. I tore two ligaments almost clean through in my ankle and had to be in a boot for six months. I had just been given clearance to go on the trip, but had to be very careful. Randal knew about the injury, as we spoke regularly. Michael, however, did not.

He spent the better part of a day seemingly trying to talk to me alone. That was not going to happen with Bri around. If she wasn't already by his side, she'd run there the moment he came anywhere near me. Very briefly, she was talking to Randal about something, and Michael took that time to ask what had happened to my leg. I had told him before, in front of Bri, but clearly he wanted more.

He said, "Tell me what happened to your leg. No bullshit."

I told him what I had said before. I stepped from the fourth step to her landing and snapped my leg, moments. He asked what had done it, and I told him we were doing a photo shoot. He seemed satisfied with that, but he kept asking me things that were the wrong way to get the story to the reader. I decided to give him the full story about my ankle injury. It was a long story, and I had to be careful not to say anything that would hurt Bri's feelings. I had to be very careful not to say anything that would hurt Bri's feelings. I had to be very careful not to say anything that would hurt Bri's feelings.

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The Manipulator Extraordinaire and Me

Wasn't that very moment that Bernard noticed Eleanor was falling to me without him and he then ran for as fast as she could? She was having breathing trouble when she arrived her speed was so quick. All she heard was Michael say "chir" and all he then broke those

"Why would you tell him about my biggest insecurity? How could you?"

"I didn't! He asked me about what happened to my leg and I told him!"

"You didn't have to bring up my chin!"

"All I said was I was that you asked me to get the higher angle!"

"You didn't have to say anything at ALL!"

"You want me to lie? I don't do that."

"No... but you could have said nothing. You're a terrible friend for doing this to me!"

Obviously I had not seen it that way. I thought I was protecting that part the best I could while still being honest with someone who was absolutely not accepting my vague responses.

The rest of the weekend was painful at best. She repeatedly jabbard at my friendship. She insisted on going to the Trust reader who told her she had a shot with Michael and so she told me it must be true. The night of dinner, before we left, we found out that Randall had never even told Michael we had all planned dinner. He was going to tell him after they got back to the house, which raised my suspicions highly. I mean, who would be sitting up with me for weeks but never mention it to Michael?

With this knowledge in hand, we were leaving the festival at the end of the day. Michael made no attempt to say goodbye, which upset Bri. As now she knew he thought we were leaving and he would not see her after that, and he didn't say goodbye. Where was he? Feeling momentarily with a firm ground beneath me, she got up with a gasp to where he got to the car.

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The Manipulator Extraordinaire and Me

Randal was going to spend the night in the hotel and go home in the morning as we were getting ready, how I really didn't want to go. She said and I'm admittedly paraphrasing here

"If you don't go, I can't go. I was never invited, you were. They don't want me. Just you. I can't just show up there alone. You've been a bad enough friend this weekend. You're going to make up for it now. And if I somehow convince Michael to sleep with me, you're staying with Randal. No arguments."

Obviously I agreed. She made me feel far too guilty and honestly, I was afraid I wouldn't wake up in the morning if I was the reason she couldn't see Michael that night. So Randal set up the place and time and we all went.

Michael gave me his seat as we waited as I was injured and said to me that he was surprised as he had not known we were going out. He said Randal waited until he was out of the shower before telling him they were leaving (Michael's hair was still wet). I am still honestly baffled by this. As this was a pre-planned event for everyone but Michael.

Dinner primarily consisted of Randal asking about Pittsburgh fare drama (as several things we mentioned regarding Quinn at that time) and Bri was sharing about her distaste for the Entertainment Director and how she is treated. She shared a tale about how he had come into a room she was in and said "So are we going to discuss the elephant in the room?" pointed at Bri and laughed. We did have some funnier moments with the guys making sexual references in regards to the glazed honey biscuits on the table and Michael grabbing my food to encourage me to eat more (I had gastric sleeve surgery, so I eat minimally. He was unaware of that).

Bri was disappointed but no longer angry it seemed. Until we drove back to the hotel and she said she might as well have not been there as she was completely ignored and had full the attention. I corrected her by saying it was actually she and Randal who had cornered the bulk of the conversation the night. I was too tired, so I was slowing and snoring, definitely not at my best. Michael contributed an important rental story, but otherwise it was mostly Bri and Randal controlling the conversation.

She responded with "I could care about Randal. He'd barely speak to me." I'm not sure if she was talking about the night or the whole trip. I could tell she

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The Manipulator Extraordinaire and Me

Spring 2020

We were now in our respective states and the Covid times had begun. Michael finally moved to Colorado with Syd, and Bri was still relentlessly trying to win him over. Bri was never a political person, or one for charity/volunteering, for that matter. She is someone who is a romantic, obsessed with witchcraft, old music/movies, and acting. She had barely posted anything off of those topics before Covid struck, and she had a repulsing

Attitude. She'd already been posting memes that she wanted Michael to see on her Facebook page. Messages to him, really. He had been flatly ignoring everything she had posted for months at this point. She'd see him give heart reacts to a sweet young lady who works on the Pittsburgh cast named Layne. She became very obsessed with Layne, calling her a "little whore" or a "fucking bitch" or saying she was going to "throw her off a cliff if she keeps it up." This was followed by vitriol toward another cast member named Lily, who had graciously lent Bri her corsets for the Florida trip. Lily was a "stupid whore" according to Bri. This was primarily because Bri said Lily was a flirt who would sleep around with a lot of men and her vulgarity was pointed out. Bri clearly felt threatened by these women who she was kind to in person, but downright vicious to behind their back. All of this simply because Michael posted a comment on their pages or liked their photos. That's it.

Gods forbid you question it though. You can't mention that they had been nothing but kind to her and it wasn't fair to them that she was taking out her insecurity on them. She would resort with me being a bad, unsupportive friend. I'm supposed to let her "vent." I didn't see that as venting.

Her meme posting became more deliberate the longer Michael ignored her crying. She'd study what he was posting, and what mattered most to him, and then she'd post her own variant of that, regardless of the fact that she knew virtually nothing about it nor cared. It was just to see if she could get him to "acknowledge what exists."

Approximately once every two months, Michael would heart a status of hers and she'd screenshot it, and she'd like it, screenshot it, and send it to me, and was now enforced through all of this to be posted. I'm not at all going to mention the screenshot of the screenshot. Until it was not.

May 2020

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The Manipulator Extraordinaire and Me

The beginning of the end. This was the month everything hit the fan. By mid-month, Michael had started ignoring her messages again. I say again because she had informed me



repeatedly of this pattern of his. Where he would stop opening her messages or replying. This would last for weeks or even months. She told me that this time was different, though. They'd grown closer over the last few months. He'd Facetimed with her. They talked frequently (although she still admitted this was primarily because of her messaging him, and not vice versa). And she was wholly convinced he was just busy and not ignoring her in the slightest. After all, in her own words..

"He's got feelings for me. It may not be love, but I'm certain of it. He has feelings. And nothing you say or do can convince me otherwise. We're going to be together when he realizes

I'm better than The STD" (her disgusting nickname for Syd).

It had been two weeks since she'd sent that last message and he hadn't opened it. I was, honestly, concerned for her overall mental health at this point and didn't want her to go too far with her obsession. The last thing she needed was to go even further and eventually face consequences, legal or otherwise, for her Erotomania Disorder. I wanted to help her desperately. I'd seen this behavior before in a cousin of mine, and it only leads to one place.

Regrettably, I felt I had no choice but to become the villain. I still hate myself every single day for doing this and I'll never really forgive myself. You don't need to chide me, because I have done so to myself every day since.

I messaged Michael to ask how he was doing (something I did anyway every few months, so it wasn't unusual). Within all of 10 minutes, he'd opened the message and replied to me. I carefully asked Bri if he had opened her message yet.

"No. Not Yet. Why?"

And I sent her the screenshot, with the time stamp.

She replied, "So. He is just ignoring me on purpose. Thanks for making me feel

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The Manipulator Extraordinaire and Me
stupid. You're a horrible friend "

I knew that would happen, but honestly, it was getting dangerous. She had already gone off the rails with manufacturing a personality to get him to reply to her posts, demonizing supposed friends, and attacking his girlfriend. Even if I was wrong to this, it finally got through to her that he may not be in love with her after all.

(Follow up: Between that time and November when we finally stopped communicating, he had never opened that message, nor messaged her back. But, she had also stopped trying. Proving my consistent theory that if she stopped messaging him, he would disappear. That's not him leaving her, that's her stalking and pressuring him.)

June 2020

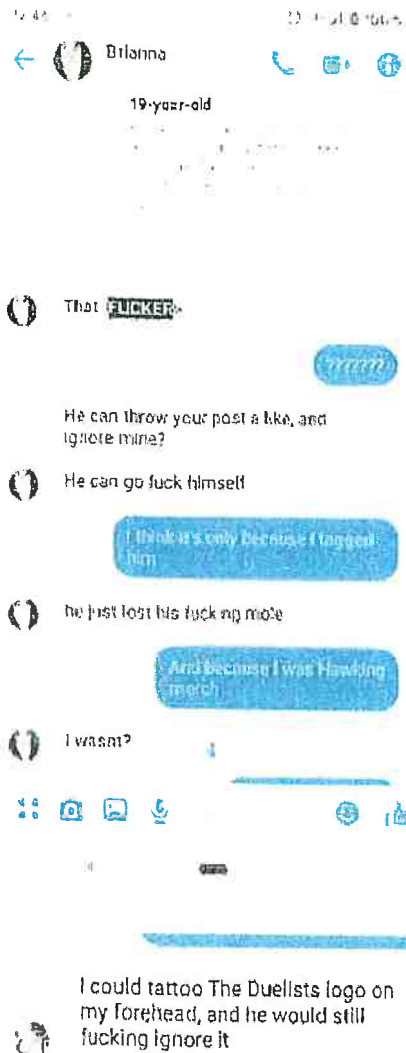
By June, she'd shifted into the "I know he doesn't love me, but I will change his mind!" phase. I wouldn't doubt one bit if she was still in it.

Randa! decided to sell Duelists merchandise at a discount in order to make more money for the both of them, as Covid had caused their primary fair income to be canceled. Both she and I bought merchandise. Both she and I posted selfies with the hashtags associated with the Duelists. I had previously shared their link regarding the sale, which she had not.

I still have absolutely no idea what the reason was for this, but although both guys were tagged in both photos, only mine was acknowledged by Randa!. I received these messages in my inbox immediately.

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The Manipulator Extraordinaire and Me



This was not the first time she had showed up in my inbox, yelling about something I had posted. After the issue with Michael, I believed both he and she had equal blame in her heartache. I felt she had gotten too needlessly attached and thought things were happening that were not, and that was on her. But, I also felt that Michael should have been straight with her and told her that he wasn't interested instead of being super nice and then ghosting her. That was on him completely. None of this would have occurred if he had just been straight-forward and honest with her from the beginning.

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The Manipulator Extraordinaire and Me

According to her, we must take sides, I assume. Because at first, she chose to ignore his posts completely in order to see if that would get him to show up in her inbox (more



manipulation) After two weeks of that, it didn't work and she gave up. But, during that time, I had the nerve to laugh react to a post of his for Memorial Day weekend. That earned me this gem - again - instantly

You know what a nazi is? It's a ghosting!!

TELLING SOMEONE WHAT THE FUCKING PROBLEM IS SO THEY DON'T FEEL LIKE A PIECE OF SHIT

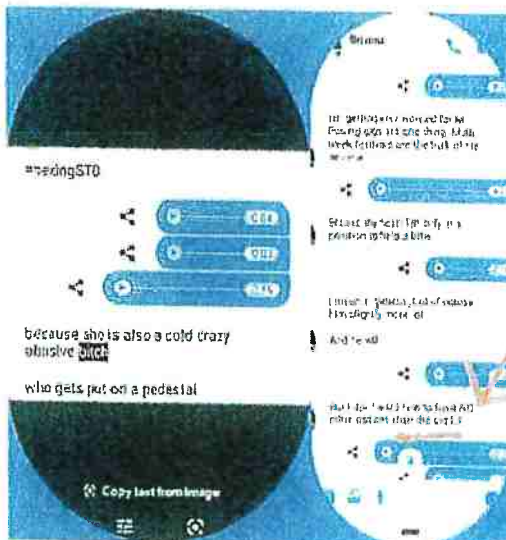


So he's an asshole and deserves to be kicked, but it's ok to laugh at his stupid jokes and make him think he's funny?



I tried to explain that, as she well knew, I believed them both to have equal blame in this situation, and so I would not take sides. This enraged her, and again, I was called a terrible friend.

Things only escalated further at that point. We ended up having a voice message fight over Facebook Messenger later that week. It was over Michael's alleged girlfriend, Syd.



Once again, she was on a tirade about how Syd was the worst. She'd got it into her head that Syd was an abusive partner and was making him miserable. She was the only one who could save him. I asked if she'd ever even met or spoken to Syd before. She said she had not, but her friend Michael Menendez had once told her that Syd and Michael once had a public fight on the grounds of fair. This, apparently, had led Bri to believe she was abusive.

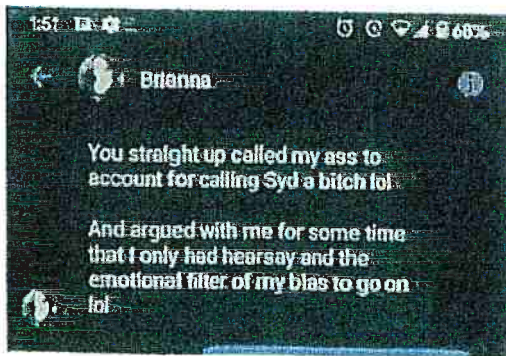
Bri, at 40 years of age, has only had one

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The Manipulator Extraordinaire and Me

relationship in her life, and it was very short lived, and in her 20s. The closest thing before or since was being catfished by someone on the internet for three years during her early 30s. She doesn't have enough relationship experience to recognize this for what it was, or could have been. She saw it as she chose to see it, a woman fighting with her man publicly could only be the devil. Of course, I gave her alternatives as to how he could have been the one to provoke the fight, as she had no idea what it was about. She argued back.

I finally told her I was really tired of her relentlessly attacking a woman she didn't even know only because she was jealous. It was completely unacceptable behavior. I also called out her shallow hypocrisy when she was bragging about a coworker saying that a photo of Syd Bri had shown her that week was uglier than Bri was. Bri tittered with joy over that and wouldn't let it go. I had enough at this point. I told her she always gets upset when people say mean things to her. It's not right for her to do the same to others.



Guess what? Exactly. I'm the worst friend ever because I refused to understand she needs to be petty and cruel because her heart is broken. I would have conceded and been far more tolerating of it had the cruelty not shown its head until then, but it'd been there all along.

Over time, she began calling her Syd again and acknowledged I had been right about her

vitriol.

Summer 2020

By the time summer arrived, I had gotten great news. I've spent most of adulthood chronically ill. Most of it has been a chain reaction caused by a toxic medication I was placed on unnecessarily as a child and was never taken off of until I did it myself at the age of 38. It made my bones brittle and decay, causing permanent spinal damage and all of my teeth to fall out. I had replacements by the time I was 35, but those were falling out as well, one by one. I was distraught.

I received the news I was approved to get the remaining teeth extracted and a full set of

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The Manipulator Extraordinaire and Me

SPRING 2020: I spent most of my time in the hospital

I spent most of life fighting through several intestinal disorders, limiting the foods I can eat and thyroid disease. I also used food as my preferred drug. To combat this, I got gastric sleeve surgery in 2014. I learned from there how to eat healthily and keep off the weight once it came off. But after having two children in my 20s and being fat for so long, after I lost the weight I was left with about 5-10 pounds of skin on my belly making me feel, and look, still fat. My mother offered to help pay for the tummy tuck surgery I wanted so badly for my 40th birthday. I found out both of these things during the summer of 2020.

I've never known anyone to be more angry about a friend's happiness in my life.

"You just go ahead and be skinnier than you are now. I'll just be over here still being fat and unlovable!"

She also at one point that summer considered sleeping with a married man because he was showing her some attention. Someone whose wife she knew quite well and liked. She knew I highly disapproved and tried to talk to her moral side to overcome her carnal one. She said she never went through with it. I don't know if that's true to this day. Surprise, surprise. The name was also a surprise.

Fall 2020

The end is nigh. Randal and I had our falling out on Halloween, and I honestly think that was the real reason for the disgust ending to this "friendship" that occurred two weeks later and not the circumstances listed. As with our my connection to Randal, what good was I to her?

My surgeries for my mouth were in September and for my stomach in October. So, I had plenty of time to be there for her when she got incredibly sick. She didn't know what was going on, but I suspected her gut bladder had finally given up. Bo is morbidly obese for a reason. We eventually went to her home for lunch and during we were going to order a pizza. I figured since Bo is generally the one who orders food, I just got a small pizza and I thought about how I was supposed to give her a huge pie.

Thinking she was the one who

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The Manipulator Extraordinaire and Me

"Do you want wings?" she asks me

"No," I said. "I told you, I'd only eat one piece of pizza,"

"Oh, okay, then I'll just get 5. What about those loaded french fries?"

"With cheese and bacon?"

"Yup."

"I might eat one or two. I'll honestly be fine with just the pizza."

She ended up ordering all three. The pizza with alfredo sauce, extra cheese, and seafood toppings, 5 wings, and the loaded french fries. I had one slice of pizza and two fries. She ate the rest. I'm surprised her gall bladder waited this long to kick the bucket. Mine died from my unhealthy eating a decade earlier, and I never ate like she did.

I was there for her the entire time. She had never stopped messaging me daily this entire time. I was supportive. When she got out of the hospital, I sent her a delivery gift card for food and, when she asked, helped her with food recommendations for healthier eating. She seemed to finally be determined to shed some weight the healthy way. Or, so I thought.

She lost 20 pounds right away, then said it came back. I asked her why and she said she didn't know. She wasn't eating differently. I asked how much she was eating, and there I found the culprit. She was horrified when I told her the amounts she should be eating. She said, "I will not starve!"

She was beginning to show signs of acquired food allergies as well. I was concerned she might have a fructose allergy, after all, of her beloved Corn-On-the-Cob. That's how mine was triggered, and she was exhibiting similar symptoms.

The day before she was to see the gastroenterologist was our last conversation. It was in November of 2020. I was very concerned because she was still feeling sick and now seemed to be trying to find a way out of having to eat healthy and less. I told her she should follow the doctor's advice even if he said she should eat more meat.

Our parting words were:

"I'm not living without cheese and soda. I'm not."

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The Manipulator Extraordinaire and Me

"You might have to if you want to be well. You will never be healthy if you keep refusing to do the things you should do for body."

"I'll just get my friend Ann (an alternative medicine advocate by profession) to give me some enzymes or something so I can eat what I want."

"That's not how that works. It only partially works with lactose intolerance, and doesn't work at all with fructose intolerance. The only way is food elimination from your diet. You have been really sick and I'm worried. You really need to do what your doctor says to do. Not Ann."

"But, Ann, too."

"Ann? The Queen of Homeopathic Bullshit? She is not a doctor. If you want to get better, you really need to listen to the doctors!"

"Did... did you just call my friend the Queen of Homeopathic Bullshit?"

'Yes, I'm legitimately worried you're not taking this seriously and your health could be in jeopardy....'

Here is where she immediately blocks me on all platforms

After everything I feel like I've suffered with this friendship, I am the villain. I have been made to be the evil villain incarnate.

may have been misled in what I said about Ann in the situation I genuinely do like Ann as a person. But what I really wanted to say here that, for a thing, she was nothing short of a friend of our artist, but thought it was too harsh for the conversation for. Clearly, my other intent was also to be gentle.

Final Thoughts

(1) $\log \alpha(\mathbb{Q}_p)$ est engendré par $\alpha(\mathbb{Q}_p) - 1$, $\alpha(\mathbb{Q}_p) \log p$ et $\alpha(\mathbb{Q}_p) \log \log p$.
 (2) $\log \alpha(\mathbb{Q}_p) = \mathbb{Q}_p$ si et seulement si $\alpha(\mathbb{Q}_p)$ est une extension de \mathbb{Q}_p de degré infini.
 (3) $\log \alpha(\mathbb{Q}_p) = \mathbb{Q}_p$ si et seulement si $\alpha(\mathbb{Q}_p)$ est une extension de \mathbb{Q}_p de degré infini.

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The Manipulator Extraordinaire and Me

Missy was one of the meanest people I'd ever met. She was downright cruel, primarily out of jealousy. When a friend of hers found me attractive over her, she never stopped from that



moment calling me "the whore". She believed ghosts were in love with her. She believed Hollywood actors would astral project to her and were in love with her. She was also catfished online, losing all of her savings and maxing out her credit cards.

She eventually died from her obesity last March, at only 41 years old. After being hospitalized for an entire year. She quite literally ate herself to death. Ate to make herself feel better and to cover for her desperately lonely life until she finally couldn't eat another bite.

Maybe recognizing this in her was why I was drawn to her when I should have run for the hills? A chance to help someone else that I couldn't help before. I don't know.

What I do know is this - Never Again.



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The Manipulator Extraordinaire and Me

The Narcissistic Duelist

May 22, 2021



DISCLAIMER: I'm going to say upfront that I will be posting minimal screenshots in this blog, because they are embarrassing to me. It is not because I did anything wrong that I will not outline here also, but because the

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I Left My Heart in West Virginia

June 22, 2021



The Weekend in West Virginia You probably won't understand this post unless you've already read *The Narcissist Duelist*, and even then, I left so much of the story out for my own peace of mind (and because of my promises to

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Honesty and Friendship Don't Mix

April 25, 2021



Introduction (I will not be naming names directly on this blog, but you are welcome to ask in my inbox and I'll tell you.) I have always had difficulty fitting in with most people. I am considered to be "brutally honest". I hav

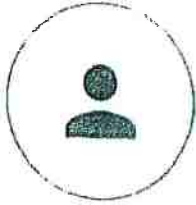
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The Manipulator Extraordinaire and Me



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